

The LINK



December, 1948
15 cents

A Christmas Message

To youth in the armed services and veterans hospitals we extend greetings and best wishes for the Holiday Season.

You, who have had a part, however small, in preserving the safety of America, its homes, its churches, and its way of life, may be justifiably proud and possibly grateful.

If happiness most often comes to dwell with those who are doing something significant for others and if satisfaction results from the realization that others appreciate what you are doing, these should be satisfying days for you.

This little magazine, published for you, provides every month tangible evidence that Protestant churchmen, grateful for what you are doing, are deeply interested in your welfare.

It is fitting, therefore, that this issue of the Link in the name of the General Commission on Chaplains and all of the churches and organizations affiliated or cooperating with it should convey our hope that you will have a happy Christmas in 1948.

—C. A. Rymer, Director

The General Commission on Chaplains



THE LINK

December, 1948
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Delmar L. Dyreson, Editor

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Don Aumann (*Home for Christmas*, page 3) now has two children to dream about, and is again across the waters, being employed by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization in Paris. He is a native of Detroit, Michigan, but his Army service of nearly five years took him to all the theatres of war and participation in six major campaigns.

Mr. Aumann originated and edited a newspaper on Adak (the first) and another in Europe which was widely distributed to both American and British troops. He is author of a book entitled *The GI in Europe*, as yet unpublished, and is now working on a picture-story book for American children depicting the life of the French children. This is an effort to promote understanding, which, along with his work with UNESCO, sounds like a fine contribution to international amity.

Ferris M. Weddle (*The Amateur Service Show*, page 15) brings to you firsthand knowledge of this engrossing field which we are presenting in our hobby series. In his three and a half-year tour of duty during the war he was stationed for some time with a Special Service detachment just outside Paris, and here directed service shows and handled publicity, writing, and "about everything else connected with producing shows." He was also in charge of educational information for GIs interested in taking correspondence courses or going to school overseas.

Mr. Weddle is now in college and ac-

centing dramatics. He appeared in college productions of *Lost Horizon*, *Kind Lady*, and other plays, as well as directing a production of *Claudia*. He is also writing quite steadily, mostly in the field of the historical west which has been his home.

Leonora McNeilly (*A Happy Christmas*, page 27) claims she has nothing important to relate about herself, but we'll let you judge for yourselves. She has had several plays produced at Hart House Theatre in Toronto, Canada, her home, and is a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club, the Canadian Authors' Association, and the Playwrights' Studio Group.

Joey Sasso (*Off the Records*, page 35), who brings you chatter about the latest platters each month, is a disc jockey over radio station WFMO in Jersey City, New Jersey. His home town was the scene of his early experience as a cub reporter, and moving across the Hudson, the scene shifted to brightly lighted Broadway, where he became publicity agent for several bands. Mr. Sasso, who always wanted to play an instrument as a youth but never found the time, decided to do the next best thing—write about others who could. His articles have appeared in *Argosy*, *Salute*, *Movie Play*, and several others.

Bob Means, who illustrated *Astrology Is Not Enough*, *The Amateur Service Show*, *Good Neighbors*, and *A Happy Christmas*, is a vet who served with the Marines in the Solomon Islands in the recent war. He is now a sports cartoonist for *The Washington Post* and is, to use his very own words, "constantly enclosed in a cloud of vile cigar smoke."

DURING my life I have spent Christmas in many different places—from Alaska to Europe—but I don't think any of them will stand out in my memory as much as the one I spent in Belgium in 1944 while serving with an American anti-aircraft unit. At that time we were combating the dreaded German V-1 bombs. Rundstedt was in the midst of his counterattack in an endeavor to recapture the strategic port of Antwerp, and as a result, our entire organization was alerted. All precautions were being taken, especially against a possible paratroop attack. Consequently, Christmas Eve was spent scouring the skies not only for that all-too-familiar flame from the exhausts of those flying packages of death and destruction, but for enemy aircraft as well.

It was an exceptionally cold night and my memory is so vivid that even



now I can almost feel the numbness of my half-frozen fingers, clutching the strap of my rifle. Every now and then I stomped my boots on the frozen ground in an attempt to keep the circulation in my feet and thus prevent frostbite. As I walked, the crust-covered snow crunched under every step and echoed through the pine trees which were silhouetted in the stillness of the night. All was quiet except for the occasional "putt-putt" of a V-1, followed by the roar of the cannons—and then the explosion. It was an eerie feeling to be out on such a night, just waiting and looking and not knowing for sure what to expect. And the situation was by no means improved with the thought that it was Christmas Eve.

I tried my utmost to make believe that it was just another night, but to no avail. I could think of nothing but my wife and my little daughter

back home and I wondered what they were doing on this Holy Eve. I consoled myself with the thought that they were well and safe, and thanked God for that. Then I thought how nice it would be if I could see the expression on the face of my little girl as she opened up all her presents. I tried to figure out what she might receive this year and made an imaginary list of toys I would have given her had there not been a war and had I been home.

While these thoughts ran through my mind I was startled to notice that a portion of the sky which circled the Eastern Star began to brighten. At first I thought it was a searchlight probing the heavens in search of aircraft, but then as I continued to stare at it, it became brighter and at the same time seemed to be coming closer. I turned my head away, thinking that it would disappear, but when I looked to the east again I was once more startled. There in front of me—so close that I could have reached out and

touched her—was a perfect vision of my little girl. She was sitting under a beautifully decorated Christmas tree opening up her presents. Her little blonde curls reflected the colored lights from the tree, and her face was brighter than all the lights combined. Each time she unwrapped a gift she turned her tiny face in my direction and smiled as if to say, "Thank you, Daddy." When the last piece of ribbon was untied and the last article was taken out of its container, the vision gradually began to fade away.

Then came a terrific explosion from a V-1 which shook the ground and made a pattern of curious cracks in the dry snow. With a jolt I realized that I was still in Belgium and the war was not yet over. The stately pines still kept their silent vigil and the crisp night air still echoed with the coughing and sputtering of the deathly missiles. But I was no longer cold. I was warm; warm all over. I had been home for Christmas.

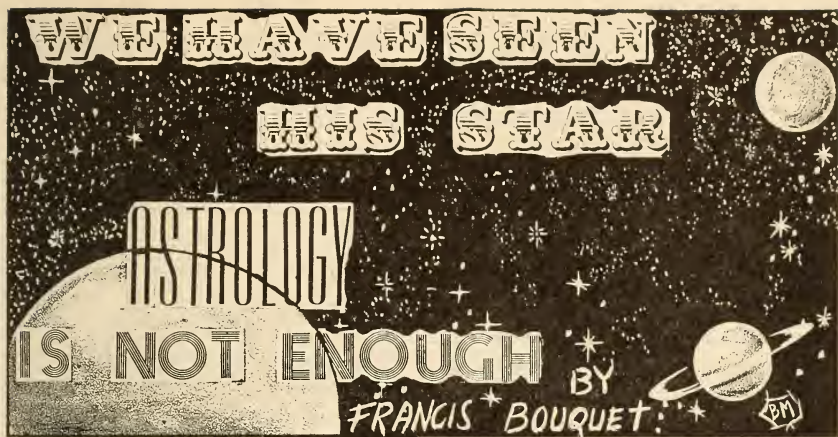


With You

My mind was grieved with every thought
That we are miles apart,
And longing stirred the dormant chords
Of misery in my heart.
But then there came a flash of truth
These miles across the sea,
That since we fell in love you are
A vital part of me;
And since you are a part of me
And I am part of you,
Then ever will we two be one
In life and love so true.

The long miles cannot separate,
For you are e'er with me;
Since that is true then this is true—
That I am e'er with thee.
And now whene'er I think of you
And when you think of me,
There is no chasm to be spanned—
Between there lies no sea;
For you are I and I am you,
Forever and anon;
No separation there can be,
We are forever **one**.

By Chaplain Walter G. Peck



THE world never tires of the Christmas story. Because of the numerous characters, the assorted situations, and the rich symbolism, the narrative of the Nativity dramatizes its message with appeal to every type of mind. Each element of the story has its own particular and peculiar stimulation for heart or mind to contemplate. The speculative type of mind is often attracted by the mysterious star which, in the record, appears to guide *wise men from afar*. For such minds the Christmas story becomes but a point of departure for a study of the celestial phenomena which we see in the starry heavens above.

This is not too surprising. The stars have fascinated mankind from the beginning of time when he first gazed upon their amazing beauty. Across all these centuries since then we can share his wonder by a visit to a planetarium or by a night spent in the high Sierras. Early man was exploring the lure of the nightly glory in the limitless sky above him even before he explored the valleys of earth that lay next to his abode. Older than any human records

are his primitive plats of the heavens. In dim antiquity he noted the fixed positions of the related stars and planets, their rhythmic procession, their varying brightness and their unfading splendor. By the year 4,000 B.C. these relationships, passed from generation to generation, appear carved on stone and accepted by all ancient cultures of which we know.

Folklore and the Stars

Meanwhile heroes arose among men whose exploits grew into sagas and legends which were repeated endlessly from generation to generation. Then, while relaxed about the warming campfires, looking up at the starry sky, so near, so far, man imagined these mythical heroes of earth as transported to the skies above. Did he not see their twinkling lanterns? Could he not with little effort sketch in stellar outline the very forms of men and beasts? Folklore invented names for groups of stars and arranged them into 90 figures which are called the *constellations*. Some of these constellations are found in an imaginary belt encircling the heavens.

This belt is called the Zodiac, which means *a circle of animals*. This name is given to it because the constellations which appear in it are named the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, the Fishes, the Crab, the Scorpion, and so on. Each constellation in the Zodiac was given a *sign*, and in recent centuries, designated by a symbol from the Greek alphabet. These twelve signs were divided by the ancients into four groups of three each, corresponding to the four elements fire, air, earth and water. By asserted domination of these elements within their groups, *affinities* and *antipathies* could be associated with the various constellation signs. When the twelve parts of the Zodiac became known as *houses* through which the seven planets pass on their regular courses, it was easy to declare each one of the twelve houses to be a *ruler* over a particular portion of the solar year. As ruler, because of their nature and affinities, it became plausible to assert the influence over anyone born under the sign dominant in the stars above.

Since any particular event, such as a birth, occurs at a specific time, the position of the planets in the constellations of the Zodiac at that specific time may be determined in relation to the *houses*. The determination of these positions and relationships by careful research is highly complicated. A resultant diagram is called a horoscope and must be based upon a certain definite day and hour of a certain year if it is to be accurate. Finally, through arbitrary values and characteristics ascribed to planets, constellations and houses, the starry heavens and the heavenly bodies are related to mundane individuals and specific events. Consequently, influence upon them from the sky is asserted and prediction attempted.

Sun's Influence Recognized

All this began very naturally. The powerful and undeniable influence of the sun upon the earth was soon carefully and constantly observed by man each day. Obviously its heat and light affected both physical life and natural habitat. Easily and early the sun became involved in religious ceremony. Likewise at night, the moon was seen in splendor and its magic touch felt on earth in relation to living things. So why not the stars also? Perhaps they too were of significance. In Egypt the wise men watched the rise and fall of their great river, the Nile, becoming aware that its life-giving flood occurred each year when certain stars were ascendant above. They discovered that the approaching river flood could be predicted by the appearance of certain stars! If the stars appeared as the flood arose, there might be a causal relationship. If the stars affected rivers, they might affect kingdoms and men also. Maybe they were themselves divinities! So the priests divided the human body into 36 parts. To each part they assigned a god who influenced it, ruled it, and made his will known through the firmament above. In Babylon also it was asserted that the wishes of the gods could be determined by the positions of the stars.

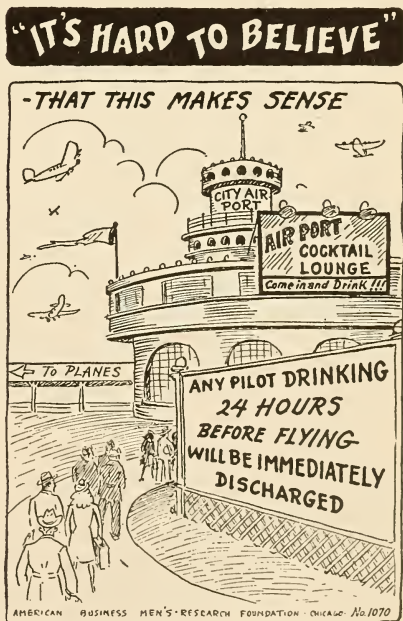
Such a belief is named *astrology*. It assumes and professes to interpret the influence of heavenly bodies upon human affairs. It is thus an interpretation of the universe, existence and destiny. The ancient, pagan, pre-scientific and pre-Christian world universally adopted some form of this explanation of social history. Readers of the Bible will recall the frequent references to diviners, soothsayers, magicians and astrologers, which are found in the Book

of Daniel. At the courts of ancient and medieval kings, the astrologers predicted future weal or woe for state or ruler through resort to elaborate horoscopes which were skillfully and laboriously constructed. As kings diminished in number and significance in a democratic world, the astrologers discovered that the planets were concerned with the common man so that horoscopes might be cast properly for anyone interested in the heavenly data and influence. Nowadays, some astrologers cast horoscopes for dogs, cats, cows and other animals. Normally there is a very small market for such, except for race horses!

Needless to say, with a phenomenon so ancient and so pretentious, a vast astrological literature was built up with passing centuries. Most men are unaware of its existence, or its revelation that there are sects and controversies among astrologers. As the modern world brought its myriad new discoveries into being astrologers made varying reactions and adjustments to the new knowledge in relation to the ancient claims of stellar influence upon mankind. Some held that the stars were but *signatures indicating* merely the events destined to be. Others held the stars to be a veritable factor which determined the lives or characters of men. Some held the influence was only natal; others that it is continuous. Some said it is predominant; others that it is variable and can be overcome or altered. Some add rays of cosmic mystery conveying influences; others involve aspects of psychological, philosophical, theosophical or other ideas. Some retreat to the Great World Above with its Great Sky; others concentrate upon the Little World Within, Beneath. The list is endless. But all these assorted astrological theories and combinations

are a fascinating subject for pastime study, though not too satisfying in rewards. Hence in America today there are many who are ignorant of the history of astrology, but who turn to it not as a hobby but for guidance, comfort, strength and faith.

There are many reasons why astrology is popular. Old as speculative thought, it contains a wealth of data based on ancient, simple, and popular observation. It is dressed in a vocabulary of Latin and Greek with mathematical, philosophic and semireligious terms which simulate valid and true knowledge. Behind this front, astrology pretends to be certain and infallible in its other-than-earth source, information, and predictions. Garbed in all the mystery which the ordinary man feels as he looks at the heavens and into the future, astrology assures puny man that cosmic forces are involved in every



little affair of his little life, every day. It satisfies curiosity and credulity with *omens, lucky days, lucky colors*, and other diversions such as *affinities*. It is geared to what a man may want to believe,—namely, that his hard luck is due to the adverse stars; that good luck is destined and certain for him farther on. It creates an attitude of expectancy by its subordination of the past and present to its pretended guides and promises for the future. Its glib half-truths fascinate many weary minds who need to be jarred out of their little shells and confronted with the larger world. Seekers of easy solutions for their immediate problems easily find it satisfying for a little time.

Advertising

But to all these reasons must be added a barrage of adroit, expensive and persistent advertising. Astrologers advertise: "Know your future . . . The stars reveal new opportunities and tell you how to take advantage of them . . . consult the stars . . . for information of untold value . . . The startling predictions of the stars often lead to unexpected fortune and happiness which might otherwise never be obtained. Consultations on any subject . . . confidential astral service touching all angles of the personal life. Plan your projects with the help of the moon . . . in its monthly transits to Jupiter it brings to most people too much optimism." The nature of the advertising and the type of mind to which it is designed to appeal is obvious.

Advertisements such as this are but the first step. Next comes the horoscope, declared to be the key to character analysis and prediction of planetary influences. "Don't miss tomorrow's opportunities . . . send for your horoscope . . . give date and hour of your birth

. . . mail today." Or, "Your destiny revealed by the Science of Astrology, advising you on matters pertaining to business, health, investments, marriage, travel, etc. Lucky days, numbers, colors, star and flower . . . your individual horoscope." Some of the resultant and soothing potions: "Friday 23. Today is unfortunate in many respects indicating disappointments . . . it will tend to hamper your freedom. Saturday 24. . . A day for writing, plans, travel. Tuesday 27. Unfavorable day for legal matters . . . a good day for study. Thursday 28. This evening is primarily favorable . . . evening rays favor mingling socially . . . evenings favor contacts with superiors. Sept. 23. A busy day is indicated. Jan. 20. Avoid granting or asking favors this day . . . make a new friend this evening. Things end well in the evening . . . the day as a whole is more adverse than not . . . concentrate on the love-life this month. Health may be somewhat delicate owing to the suppression of glandular secretions (a Saturn influence) . . . A fortunate month . . . seek favors from those in high positions . . . don't hold on to an old love if you feel that you should make a change . . . relatives may visit you . . . avoid overeating. A month in which you should avoid changes . . . even if dissatisfied, stay where you are until better planetary aspects arise. Slightly better vibrations govern this month than last. Mars your ruling star may cause your life to reflect some unpleasant incidents . . . love, happiness is the sum total of living for those born in Scorpio. This week's vibrations favor expansion. A favorable day for massage, dusting the hair, a shampoo, or manicure. The planetary rays are coming to us in such a way that we can accomplish more than double. If you were born between July 24 and Aug. 23 you were born

to rule. Do not antagonize the stars. You may well tremble lest you fail to use the great gifts which the stars have given you . . . people born under certain signs of the Zodiac are not strictly accountable for their acts."

How sad if personal counseling, individual accountability, and all the enormous resource of medicine, religion, science, and modern psychiatry be crowded out of any needy life by the ancient and outworn methods of astrology which assume an impossible personification of the planets, and an incredible method of interpreting celestial phenomena.

"*We have seen His star,*" said the Magi of the Christmas story," *"and we are come to worship Him."* No matter what that star may have meant to them before they returned to oblivion, it is for us, as are all the starry hosts, a reminder of the sovereign power and majesty of the Great Creator who alone is God. "*The stars are His and He made them.*" Our concern at Christmas is not with the star but with the manger and the cradled Child. To Him, let us direct all men, for He, Himself, is the Bright and Morning Star, which we have seen.

LET us PRAY

*Prayers designed for private
and public devotions of men
and women in the armed forces*

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

GOD IN ALL THINGS

Wherever we look, O God, we find Thee near. As we search the heavens, we see Thee as the God of wonder and majesty; as we explore the earth, we learn of Thee as the God of beauty and plenty; as we work with our brothers, we know Thee as the God of duty and love; as we look into our own hearts, we feel Thee as the God of mercy and renewal. All that we seek we find in Thee, for Thou art Eternal Light and Splendor, Wisdom and Truth, Purity and Goodness. Satisfy all the desires of our souls, O God, by giving us Thyself, that we may be Thine in all things and at all times. Amen.

A QUIET MOMENT

O Master, grant that, when duties and cares weary our bodies, dim our vision, and lessen our faith, we may heed Thy call to come apart and rest awhile in quietness and prayer. Draw us to Him who refreshes our souls with light and love eternal and makes us whole again with Divine strength and life and peace. Amen.

TO CHRIST

Give us, O God, minds steadfast in the truth of Christ, bodies disciplined in the service of Christ, and hearts on fire with the love of Christ, that, as we pray, think, and work with Christ, we may lead many to His life and joy. Amen.

STILL THROUGH THE CLOVEN SKIES

by FREDERICK HALL

I stood there at attention in front of Major Blakeslee's desk. My record was good and I rather thought he would say yes, but I couldn't be sure.

"You want to leave today," he said, "and get back the end of the week. That right? Had you stopped to think that takes you away over Christmas?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

No need telling him I *wanted* to be away over Christmas.

"Something special?"

"Well, sir. You see, there's a lady—"

The expression on his face made me start over. "No sir. Not at all what you might think, sir. She's —"

"I see." He grinned when I explained.

"Come to think, I believe I have heard about that girl friend of yours. And now you'd like to see her again? How long was your outfit in Hann-Markt?"

"Three months, sir."

"A nice little town. Why, Brandt, I'd like to let you go." The Major is one officer with almost human sympathy. "If it were me, I'd pick a different time, but that's up to you. There's just one thing —" He stopped, saw I was still standing at attention, grinned again and said, "At ease." Then — "It's like this: today we have no troops there, not an A.P.M., not one M.P. Since the surrender the Germans about here have behaved pretty well. Still, there's always a chance. If some screwball lays for you and you're killed or wounded I'm the man that will be blamed. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

He was right. No use denying it. "Well — be careful. For the life of me, though, I don't understand your wanting to be away over Christmas."

Well, neither did I altogether, but I thanked him. His clerk wrote out the pass. I took it, thanked him again, saluted and hurried back to quarters. I admit I did feel a little bit ashamed when I remembered what was hidden outside the village. If the Major had known about that I don't suppose I'd have gotten my pass. But then —. A man who's been in the Army as long as I have knows regulations aren't to be taken too seriously.

It was about ten o'clock, a bright, crisp morning and my feet fairly itched to hit the trail. No snow on the ground, but in the air something that made you feel you could walk all day without getting tired.

Whitey Williams was sitting on the edge of his bunk and when I told him I had my pass he said:

"I'll come along and help you with that stuff in the woods. Then if we're caught both of us will have to go to the hoosegow."

You see, two days before he and I had been out there, where no GI was supposed to go, and we had shot a deer. It was a sort of game preserve and until the Americans took over it had belonged to the old count up in the castle. Shooting a deer there wasn't quite as bad as shooting a man but it didn't pay to be found out. We had

dressed it and part of the meat I was taking to Hann-Markt.

What Whitey was going to do with his share I figured was none of my business. If it got mixed up in some black market deal—well, anyhow, it would go in the end to somebody that was hungry. He helped me pack my stuff up and camouflage it. Then I set off and if Hann-Markt was fifty kilometers away or sixty, what did I care? I was good for it.

Whitey's parting shot was:

"Me—I'd stay here. Christmas dinner they'll feed us like nobody's business. And weather like this! Why, the meat would keep *that* long."

I went down the road whistling. All at once, and it surprised me, I recognized the tune: a Christmas carol I'd known ever since I was a kid—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." Funny, running away from Christmas and then

taking some of it with me. Why was I running away from it, anyhow?

If I'd had a real home, a father and mother, brothers and sisters, and every year we had gathered around our own Christmas tree, I expect it would all have been different. Most of the fellows I knew could remember that kind of thing. Me? I was brought up in an "institution" and I'm not saying a word against it. The folks there were good to us, especially at Christmas time. They tried to make it up to us for what we'd missed. But of course they couldn't do it. Nobody could.

In the Army? Why, at Christmas time even during the fighting every organization and a whole army of unorganized civilians would about break their necks trying to make things cheerful for us. Best of all, of course, would be the letters and boxes from home which the other men got and I didn't. See how I



felt? Maybe it wasn't all a grouch. Maybe some sense in it. Anyway, I couldn't help it. And right now I was walking out on it.

A mile or two out of town a truck stopped for me and though I'd as soon have walked I climbed in. The driver told me he'd been a clown in a circus and I guess he had, all right. He gave me one steady line of nonsense till we came to the town where our roads divided. There I found a place to eat and so did not have to dig into the rations I carried. That much more for the "girl friend."

Along the road I met some of our own people and a good many Germans. Now and then one would give me a dirty look—not often. They never looked as if they had enough to eat and once that had bothered me. It didn't any more, excepting the kids and the old folks. In a way it's bad, that a man can get past minding it, when he sees folks really hungry, even folks that have been his enemies and who brought plenty of hunger to other people. But war does that. You get used to all kinds of things. About dark I came into a funny little town where the projecting upper stories of some of the houses almost met over narrow streets. An M.P. looked at my pass and then directed me to the barracks, where a bunch of our boys took me in. Most of them were from Oklahoma—nice fellows. After mess an Army show, raw in spots like most of these shows are, but not so bad.

Next morning on the road again but not such good weather. Sky overcast. Wind with a nip in it. Looked as if it might snow. I had a good map; didn't need to stop to ask directions and I moved fast enough so I didn't get cold.

As the day advanced it grew darker.

Then it began to snow. A mean wet, sticky snow that wouldn't shake off and that finally turned to sleet. I was getting near my objective and at noon I didn't stop to eat, just opened up my ditty bag and ate as I slogged along. An hour or two later I got into country I knew and at about four o'clock I walked into Hann-Markt. Three blocks from the Platz and in the shadow of the old church I knocked at Frau Koelling's door.

She gave me one look, grabbed my hands and for just a minute I thought she was going to kiss me. But she didn't. Instead she dragged me inside, sat me down in front of her little fire and threw on a whole lot of wood. (She ought not to have done that for even in the little towns fuel is hard to get.) At first she couldn't talk about anything but how wet I was and how I'd catch my death of cold. She sent me into the other room to get out of my uniform and then she had me on the sofa, all wrapped up in blankets and drinking something hot.

I wish you could have seen her—my girl friend! Why, she looked like something out of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Rosy-cheeked and smiling, but old enough to be my grandmother. Sometimes I called her that—*Grossmutter*.

I remember the first time I ever saw her. Hann-Markt had one little factory where they make—I've forgotten,—but they had managed to open up for a few days and she was back of that factory on her knees raking over some ashes with her bare hands to find an occasional bit of coal. I used two of my eleven words of German and said, "*Guten Morgen*."

She looked up, smiling, and right there I saw that she wasn't sore at

me or at the world, and she wasn't pitying herself. She could take it. I did one of the funniest things that I suppose any GI ever did. I dropped down on my knees and went to helping her. Then I carried her little basket home for her and she asked me in.

She couldn't offer me anything to eat or drink. Her cupboard was bare as Mother Hubbard's but she showed me some prints of the town, made two or three hundred years before, and told me about them. I got, oh, maybe one word in twenty.

Naturally after that we were friends. I managed to get her some things that helped out that empty cupboard. Understand, I didn't steal 'em. I salvaged 'em honestly. If I hadn't taken 'em most of 'em would have been burned up or thrown away. She did my washing. (I paid her, of course.) She sewed on buttons and did all my mending.

Funny how I got to dropping around there, sometimes two or three evenings a week. Because she didn't know a word of English and all my German you could put in your eye. But we visited by the hour and after a while I could get quite a little of it. More than once I was there after taps and had to sneak back in the best way I could. The fellows, of course, kidded the life out of me about my girl friend but that was all right. (Some of them would have done a lot better if they had taken one of my kind.)

Well, here I was back at the old stand and she seemed as glad to see me as I was to see her, only worried about my *Erkaltung*. She was sure I had caught one. We talked until almost midnight. Then she took me up to my room and I lay there listening for a while to the sleet rattling against the window panes.

Next morning I couldn't remember at

first where I was. Then I heard music and remembered that last night had been Christmas Eve. I got up and went to the window. The sleet had turned to snow. Everything was glittering, pretty as a frosted Christmas card. Down on the street a bunch of kids were gathered around a man wearing, I think they call it a cassock. They were singing carols. I tossed them a package of hard candies—something money could not have bought for them.

As I was helping Frau Koelling with the breakfast dishes she hesitated and then said she wanted to ask me something. Wondering, I told her to go ahead. All this meat! She herself could not possibly eat it. I had said I must start back tomorrow. Across the street was Frau Stading—three children—did I think—? Bring 'em over, I told her. That is, if she wanted to take on the extra work. As to that, she said, there wouldn't be any. Frau Stading would help with the dinner.

Every German, no matter who, what or where, will always have a Christmas tree. On a table in the front room Frau Koelling had her little *Tannenbaum* and while the women got the dinner the kids and I decorated it. We did a pretty good job considering our materials. When we sat down they sang a grace I could join in. Then we fell to and those kids ate so much their mother was afraid it would make them sick. It didn't, though. Young stomachs can stand an awful lot.

After dinner we sang some more. I knew some of their carols, *Heilige Nacht* for one—that is, I knew the tunes. They knew the tunes of one or two of ours. They didn't know "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." At last those gorged kids got so sleepy their mother had to take them home and Frau Koelling and I sat alone there talking until

the early dark came. Then we had some more coffee. I couldn't eat any more.

Dropping off to sleep that night, all at once it came to me! In all my life this was the best Christmas I had ever had and I knew the reason. I had grown up. It was the first Christmas I had ever been on the giving end.

Those angels from the cloven skies that I'd seen in pictures and sung about

had come bringing tidings of great joy and why, something a little like that was what I had been doing. Frau Koelling and Frau Stading and those yellow-headed kids had had a fine time, partly because I had come to Hann-Markt bringing not *great* joy but, well, some. Of course, I didn't deserve any credit. I'd done it just for fun, but then—those angels! I'll bet they enjoyed what they did too!



A Message for All

Alert, and watchful in the quiet
Of the star-filled winter night;
Shepherds kept a tender vigil,
Waiting for the morning light.

Then the heavens blazed with glory;
Angels told of joy and peace,
Which shall be to "All People."
Here was comfort, sure release.

Not for just the waiting shepherds,
Not for just the people of that day,
But for every age, and nation,
CHRIST is here, to show the way.

May the precious understanding,
Of our CHRIST, touch every heart,
'Till it reaches, with its blessing
To the earth's remotest part.

Heals the world of fear, and hatred,
Sheds its radiance everywhere.
Teaches each to love his brother,
This, our very humble prayer.

Sgt. Lillian L. Lancaster
Squad. "G," W.A.C.
1377 AAFBU
Westover Air Force Base
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Church World Service

Frequently correspondence from civilians in areas of occupations come to the General Commission on Chaplains and to the editor of *The Chaplain* and *The Link*. Among these numerous requests for food and clothing have been received. Such requests are necessarily referred by us to

Dr. A. L. Warnshuis
Executive Vice-President
Church World Service
37 East 36th Street
New York 16, New York

Time could be saved if persons communicated directly with the above agency. Church World Service also maintains representatives in most occupation areas. Wherever possible these should be consulted. Requests for religious literature, with the exception of Bibles, are, if possible, filled by the General Commission on Chaplains. For Bibles, the request should go to the American Bible Society, 450 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York. It should also be borne in mind that the American Bible Society has at least one or more representatives in most foreign countries.

THE AMATEUR SERVICE SHOW

BY
FERRIS M. WEDDLE

Part I. Where to Begin

CURTAIN going up! House lights out! A hush of voices, and faces turned to the stage. The big night has arrived, after all those weeks of hard work, sweat, and maybe a few tears. But all in all, things have gone pretty well up to this point and all the fellows have cooperated beautifully. That's one of the rewards for directing one of these service shows—everybody has a whale of a good time working on it, even if opening night does turn out to be a flop.

You sincerely hope *this* one is going over big, however, and you send up a little silent prayer for its success. If all the preliminary work has been well and wisely done, your worries should be few indeed. And remember, every conscientious artist, in any field, is aware of a deep sense of personal responsibility when the performance is about to start.

The four chapters on the amateur service show beginning with this issue are one of the subjects in THE LINK

series of hobby articles, and are aimed at helping you produce your own show.

Amateur theatricals, in various forms, can be traced back through hundreds of years of history. For members of the armed forces they provide a fascinating means of passing away the time. However, it isn't easy to produce a successful amateur show. There are a million headaches for the would-be producer or director who has had little experience in the entertainment field. This is especially true of the service show, which has special problems all its own.

Successful service shows can be produced and have been in the past. During the war the service show reached a high peak of achievement in hundreds of camps throughout the world, and in such cities as London and Paris despite stiff professional competition.

What qualifications should the would-be producer or director have? Above all, a sincere love of the entertainment

business, or at least an active interest in it. He must have an infinite amount of patience and the ability to get along with varied types of people. Contrary to popular opinion, the director or producer is the most important cog in producing a successful show. He must work the hardest, but is the least appreciated by the audience. He must be more or less content to remain a "shadow."

Although this series is written for any member of the services interested in theatricals, most of the remarks will be directed to the producer-director, who will be just one person in most cases.

Where to Get Talent

Ordinarily, the civilian producer decides on the type of show he wishes to produce and then seeks his talent. The reverse procedure is best for the service show. Locate the talent and then build a show about the talent. The reason for this is undoubtedly known to most service personnel: Talent is often limited in a small company or detachment of men. Where there are large numbers in one camp, the search for talent will not be difficult.

There are several methods which can be used in locating talent.

(1) Ask the personnel clerks to go over the record cards of all the men for clues. These cards will often reveal those interested in general dramatics as well as those who sing, dance, play musical instruments, write, and others who are capable of helping produce a show in a general or specialized way. All of these men should be contacted and a separate card made up on each, listing their interests and/or specialties. This card should also contain data on the person's duties, which may or may not allow him time for rehearsals. This is important, for almost any type of

show requires one or more rehearsals.

(2) A general call for talent should be issued through the use of posters to be put up in places where groups congregate. Bulletins should be sent through the commanding officers who will call the matter to the attention of the men.

(3) This method involves a gentle but persistent probing for talent. Suppose you know of someone who sings. This person may know of someone else who sings, or does something else. Some potential talent will be hard to ferret out because of modesty or shyness on the part of the individual. Tactful insistence and encouragement will often bring these individuals out of hiding.

The quest for talent must be unending if successive shows are planned, for new blood is continuously needed. You must keep your eyes and ears open at all times.

What Type of Talent?

This, of course, depends upon the type of show you wish to produce. If you have a vague idea that you will produce a variety show or a one-act play, then you may guide yourself accordingly. However, the actual performers aren't the only people concerned with a show. Backstage work requires help too, for no one person can take care of all the details.

So you should be on the lookout for those who are skilled electricians, carpenters, painters, poster makers and designers. You will also need someone who can make costumes or direct such an undertaking. Anyone who has had experience in make-up would be a welcome addition to the staff. Procure all the help possible, for the director will find his hands full in handling rehearsals and dozens of odd jobs which pop up. Too, the more people involved in



Marlene Dietrich, all-time GI favorite, and troupe, when she gave a show at author's camp

producing a show, the better the chance of turning out a "hit." Provided, of course, the director can coordinate the various duties and handle his assistants so that they will not get in one another's way!

Where to Get Material

Simultaneously with the quest for talent, the search for entertainment material should be in progress. The best source of material is the Special Service divisions or their equivalents. Base Special Service branches will usually be able to supply you with almost any type of material you desire. However, if your company or detachment is located in an out-of-way spot, this source may not be readily available, and you will have to look elsewhere for material.

The Red Cross clubs are a good

source, as are various other organizations which look after the needs of the armed forces. Hundreds of civilian concerns sell entertainment material of all types. The difficulty here, of course, is a matter of finances. Local libraries, Special Service libraries and ships' libraries should yield material, especially in the form of skits and plays. Your chaplain can probably suggest possible sources too: Magazines and newspapers often contain material which can be used as long as there is no infringement of copyright.

What Type of Show?

You now have a list of men representing raw talent. What type of show will they be molded into? This question is one the director should not try to

decide alone. The best thing to do is to schedule a meeting for all of those interested and ask for suggestions. Among the group will be a few who have had some experience with amateur theatricals, or possibly with professional show business. Their suggestions will prove helpful.

The final choice of a show will be governed by several factors:

(1) The available talent, and their interests. If most of your group has specialized acts such as singing, dancing, playing of musical instruments or other individual acts, then the best idea would be to put on a "variety" show. However, maybe there are a number of people who have no individual acts, and you don't wish to leave them out, so a play would be the obvious choice. The size of your group will also determine the type of show; for instance, you could not produce a minstrel show with a half-dozen performers.

(2) Stage facilities available. If your stage is equipped especially for the production of stage shows you are fortunate. But in many cases there will be no stage at all, and no lighting equipment. Unless a stage could be built you would not be able to put on an elaborate production. More about this will be mentioned later in this series, for lack of proper stage facilities should not deter you.

(3) Free time available for rehearsals. This is important, for all shows require at least one rehearsal, even the simple variety show. So if most of your group

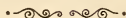
has little free time, no show requiring a number of rehearsals should be chosen.

(4) Local competition and your audience. If your locality has a great deal of "live" entertainment, that is, entertainment other than the movies or radio, a service show must be very good to offset this. At least it must be different. However, most service shows will be well attended if the audience is kept constantly in mind. The most popular service shows are those which stress music or humor or both. This has been proved time after time in the past. "Popular" music and songs are much more in demand than the classical or semiclassical. However, you should not forget the group which favors the latter type by any means, but the likes of the majority must be satisfied first. And the best show in the world is a flop without an audience!

Now that you have considered all these angles, you have an infinite variety of possible types of shows to choose from. Heading the list, the simplest to produce is the variety show. Then there are musical revues, minstrels, quizzes, mock-radio, pantomimes and all forms of plays in one, two and three acts. There are musical comedies, operettas and farces. This list is merely suggestive, and a combination of several of these types might be a good bet.

Hard work, patience and imagination are the principal ingredients of a successful service show.

Part II will deal with the variety show and the one-act play.



Odd uses for jeeps: James Woodul, a veteran of World War II, purchased ten war-surplus jeeps, equipped them with plows, hired University of Michigan students to operate them, then signed a contract with the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan, to remove snow not only from the city's streets, but also its sidewalks.

—Harold Winerip



Another Christmas rolls around, when joy and love and peace abound, and everywhere throughout the world the symbol of Christ's birth unfurled. If sometimes to our hearts it seems that all our hopes and all our dreams, have but a brief, evanid flight across the skies of shadowed night, pray God we consecrate and hallow them, with heavenly light from Bethlehem! And back them well and weave them strong, with Christian faith and angel's song!

For darkness must give way to light, as phantoms flee when day is bright. Note above that fir tree's bough how He is close as breathing now! Take heart and let your faith expand, lift up your eyes and take His hand!



*" 'Tis the spirit in which a gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh."*

—Edmund Vance Cooke

THE squat frame shack blanketed with Oklahoma snow stood like a frozen sentinel over the weather-beaten corn crop on the Baker farm.

It was the day before Christmas. Jud Baker, confronted with the problem of what to get with two dollars, watched Mary, his wife, preparing breakfast. The chores of their winter-bound farm had taken less than an hour, but years of routine had awakened them at their usual time.

Jud frowned at the newspaper rings and magazine cutout decorations on an evergreen tree standing in one corner of the room.

"According to the calendar," he said, "tomorrow is Christmas."

Mary cleared her throat to speak.

Jud raised his hand and motioned toward the bedroom. Their seven-year-old twin daughters, Alice and Edith, were awakening.

Mary whispered, "They've been writing letters all week to Santa Claus."

"I got two extra dollars," Jud finally blurted.

"Two dollars!" Mary's eyes flew to the cupboard with their hoarded emergency fund.

Jud scratched his chin self-consciously. "I swapped my overcoat. Got a blade for the tractor and two dollars." He hesitated. "It was a good trade."

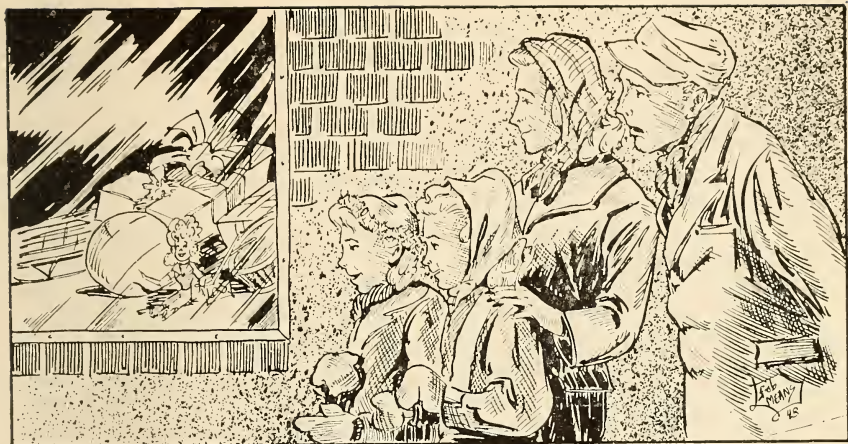
Mary gasped involuntarily but realized it was too late to criticize.

Jud continued softly. "We'll go to Okemah. See the decorations and toys. Get the twins hamburgers and soda and still have enough left for two dolls." Before Mary could voice questions, "I figured it all up. Two dollars will cover everything."

Mary was figuring. "Hamburgers, thirty cents. Sodas a dime. Two dolls?" She looked up.

"Seventy-five cents each." Jud's dark eyes brightened. "With hamburgers and soda, one dollar and ninety cents." Then he exclaimed, "A dime over! We can get some restaurant coffee. Makes two dollars even."

"But only a doll," Mary sighed. "Seems so little."



"It's been a bad year," Jud sounded hurt.

"I know," she said. He didn't have to remind her that the drought, weeks of blistering sun and an onslaught of devastating rain had ruined their crop.

Jud jerked away from her troubled eyes.

"Next year will be better," he promised. "The ground is covered with snow. Good for the earth, and our seed is paid for."

"We can do without restaurant coffee," Mary suggested. "Get the girls some Christmas candy."

"Uh-huh," Jud agreed. "But it'll look mighty funny sitting there not eating. We'd appear too much like poor folks."

Mary smiled. At times his pride was hard to understand.

A loud rapping interrupted them. Mary opened the door.

"Mrs. Burns!" she exclaimed. "What brings you out so early?"

Mrs. Burns, their neighbor a mile to the west, ran a chicken farm with hired help and received a widow's pension. She pushed a package at Mary. "Baked a cake for the youngsters."

"You shouldn't," Mary protested feebly. "Won't you stay for breakfast?"

"Nope," Mrs. Burns said. "Just stopped to wish you Merry Christmas. Have to hurry to the Good Neighbors' meeting." As if prompted by intuition she asked, "What you getting the twins?"

Mary's face flamed crimson. She turned helplessly to Jud.

Before he could answer there was a commotion in the bedroom. The twins climbed from their bed.

"Hello, kids," Jud shouted with exaggerated enthusiasm. To Mrs. Burns he bragged, "They're getting great big dolls."

Edith exclaimed, "Santa's going to bring us lots of things."

"Hmmm," Mrs. Burns muttered. "Well, must be going."

After she departed Mary sighed with relief. "Can't help but feel ashamed in front of her. She's always giving to us."

Jud made a wry face.

Over oatmeal and warm milk the twins chortled about Santa and cast admiring glances at the Christmas tree.

"Hurry and eat your breakfast," Mary

tried to sound stern in an effort to throttle a sob.

"We're going to Okemah," Jud announced.

The twins shrieked. They were so excited over the prospects of going to town that it was almost ten o'clock before Mary got them ready. They climbed into an antique car and slowly pushed a road through the snowdrifts.

Two hours later they arrived in the crowded little town decked with holly wreaths and brilliant window decorations. Jud winked at Mary. She smiled. The holiday atmosphere was contagious.

"Come on, kids," Jud whistled, and laughed at their enthusiastic chatter. He didn't even take offense when passers-by remarked, "That guy must be an Eskimo, going without an overcoat."

"I'm hungry," Alice suddenly declared.

"How about hamburgers?" Jud asked.

"Oh, Daddy!" the girls exclaimed.

They found a small Hamburger Hut; a five-chair counter and two tables affair.

The counter was occupied by farmers bundled in checkered mackinaws. Jud looked out of place in his short coat and wool muffler. But he didn't mind. The glowing faces of his family warmed him more than any overcoat could.

"Jud!" Mary pointed frantically to a sign. "*Hamburgers, 17¢. Soda pop, 7¢.*"

Jud eyed the sign anxiously, a worried frown drawing his eyebrows together. A waiter appeared at their table. Jud, with the budget in mind, cautiously ordered one hamburger. "Cut it in half and put it on two dishes."

The waiter's mouth opened and closed. Then he barked: "This ain't the Ritz, mister. Hamburgers seventeen cents each." Scrutinizing the frightened group he asked bluntly, "You can pay for what you order?"

The counter customers twisted around and stared.

Jud's face burned. Mary smiled and said, "Two hamburgers and two bottles of strawberry pop."

Jud breathed noisily. "Would you like some chili, Mary?" The devil with the budget now.

"Yes, I would." The words came so easily she was astounded.

The waiter looked grimly at Jud.

"Coffee and doughnuts."

"Coffee, lady?" the waiter asked.

Feeling guilty for her extravagance Mary said, "No thank you. Just water." She avoided Jud's eyes. She knew he was thinking of the dolls.

Silently they ate their frugal lunch and in silence paid the ninety-three cent bill. Outside Mary whispered, "Perhaps there are some dolls for fifty cents."

Jud swallowed hard.

They walked, staring wishfully into gift-packed windows. The delighted twins screamed over magic showcases. Mary looked at fashion displays with her heart.

Passing a confectionery stand, Alice wanted popcorn.

Jud fingered the bill in his pocket. Then, cowed by the soulful pleading in the girl's eyes, he purchased two nickel bags.

"Ninety-seven cents left," he reported.

Mary forced a smile and touched his arm.

"Look, Daddy." Edith waved excitedly to a bell-ringing Santa Claus who danced around to keep warm. At his side a miniature chimney requested contributions for the Good Neighbor Fund.

"Wanna see Santa," Alice squealed.

They crossed the street. The redfaced Santa pinched the twin's cheeks and asked what they wanted for Christmas.

People passing dropped coins into the chinney.

Alice tugged her mother's coat. "Can I give a penny?"

Mary bit her lips and turned to Jud while Santa smiled expectantly. Jud dug into his pocket and sorted out a dime. Alice proudly deposited it.

"Thank you, little lady," Santa chuckled.

"Me, too," Edith demanded.

Jud sniffed and gave her a nickel.

Slowly they walked on. "Ridiculous, giving money away when we need it ourselves," Jud protested.

"Now, Jud," Mary soothed. "You know what the Bible says, '*It's better to give than to receive.*'"

Jud grunted. "I have yet to find a ham sandwich between the pages."

Before the dime store they discussed doll prices. Some at a dollar, a few at seventy-five cents, others at fifty. None less than that. Jud pressed eighty-two cents into Mary's hand.

"Wait here," she said.

She remained inside the store for a long time. Jud paced back and forth restlessly. The twins became impatient and complained of the cold.

Finally Mary came out with two boxes. Smiling, she whispered, "Oh Jud, I got two beautiful dolls."

They had a time sidetracking the inquisitive twins.

In a low voice Mary explained what had happened. "I was looking at the dollar dolls when the clerk came over. I mentioned that two of them had soiled dresses. She called the manager and he said I could have them both for eighty cents."

Jud sat straight up, grinned and whistled gaily as he steered the car toward home.

The sun had set and it was quite dark when they reached the farm. The twins were asleep in the back of the car. Jud and Mary carried them to the house. As Jud stooped over the keyhole he stumbled.

"What's this?" He reached for a match. Under its flickering light he saw a blue-paper-wrapped box splashed with cellophane stars. Bold letters announced: "Christmas Greetings. Local Chapter, Good Neighbors."

The match burned his fingers and he flung it away.

After the twins had been put to bed, Mary impatiently opened the box, expressing surprise and joy over the gifts. Suddenly she looked up. Jud was seated at the table, chin cupped in his hands.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

Without raising his eyes Jud said, "I'm reading the Bible."

"To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear a threadbare coat like a gentleman, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy—that is the wholesome life."

The ability to go on when ordinary men say the battle is lost, the faith one has when no one else can see a reason for it, the vision to see the rainbow before the storm is over, the will power to go on struggling after strength is done, that is genius.

Go Till You Guess

A BIBLE QUIZ

© W. A. Wilde Co.

By AMOS R. WELLS

Bible Buildings

(Read each description a line at a time, and *Go Till You Guess*. Your score for each item is the number of the line at which you obtained the answer, and the lowest total wins. Answers on page 28.)

No. 1

1. This building was erected by one of the greatest Jewish kings for his own use.
2. It required thirteen years to build.
3. It contained "the house of the forest of Lebanon," with many cedar pillars—a room 150 feet long.
4. It contained a great ivory throne overlaid with gold.
5. It contained gorgeous apartments for an Egyptian princess.
6. It was in Jerusalem.

No. 2

1. A movable place of worship in the shape of a great tent.
2. It contained two rooms, one square, the other oblong.
3. The square room was entirely closed by a heavy curtain, and contained one most sacred object.
4. The oblong room was entered daily by the priests and contained three objects.
5. The court surrounding the tent contained two objects.

No. 3

1. This temple in Ephesus was one of the seven wonders of the world.
2. It served as a vast treasury and place of deposit for wealth.

3. It was four times as large as the Parthenon at Athens.

4. It was 342½ feet long and 164 feet wide.

5. It had a hundred columns 55 feet high, each made from one block of marble.

6. It was splendidly adorned by the greatest Grecian sculptors.

No. 4

1. This was a castle in Jerusalem.
2. It adjoined the temple on the north-west.
3. It was named in honor of Marc Antony.
4. A Roman legion was stationed here to keep order in Jerusalem, especially during festivals.
5. Paul once addressed a mob from the stairs of this building.

No. 5

1. This building in Jerusalem was one of the seven wonders of the world.
2. It cost nearly two and one-half billion dollars.
3. It was planned by one king and built by another with the aid of a third.
4. The entire interior was overlaid with gold.
5. It lasted four centuries and was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.

No. 6

1. This was a lofty structure begun soon after the flood.
2. It was built of bricks cemented with bitumen.
3. The purpose of the structure was to establish a center for a centralized world power.
4. This ambitious purpose was frustrated by the rise of language difficulties.
5. A great city long afterwards rose at this place and took the name of this building.

Yes . . . There is a Santa Claus

By Josh Sales

... AND his home is in Santa Claus Land—just as the childhood storybooks proclaim, only this time it is real.

Many years ago when Louis J. Koch, of Evansville, Indiana, visited Santa Claus, Indiana, and decided that more amusements and entertainment should be provided for the thousands of children who annually visit the village, he had no idea of the beguiling shadow of things to come. But he realized his dream when he purchased 40 acres of land, which has since spread to nearly 300, in Santa Claus, and transformed it into a park and playground truly imbued with the spirit of Santa Claus and Christmas giving. It was officially opened on September 1, 1946, one of the newest and most perfectly planned fairylands in existence.

The park is new but it bears an old and honored name—Santa Claus Land. There are huge toy and doll exhibits which attract both young and old. Some toys are types that your great-great-grandparents played with; others come from foreign lands. Dolls of every description are exhibited in the House of Dolls. Big dolls, nearly life-size, and some so tiny you have to view them with



a magnifying glass. It is one of the largest doll collections in the country, with famous historical characters represented in *Whistler's Mother*, *Blue Boy*, and *Pinkie* all set in elaborate frames against a background similar to the original painting.

The surroundings are the sort calculated to give to any child the lovely feeling that the world is a downy cumulus cloud, pink-tinted, that some fairy godmother whipped up just for him. During the war years it was a temporary escape for hundreds of veterans home on Christmas furloughs.

Santa Claus Land delivers as much as it promises and reminds one of a slick magazine, in which striking, colorful illustrations dramatize and advertise remarkable accomplishments.

Enchanted Trail is one of the many sparkling presentations, rich in color and brilliant in detail. The life-size figures of nursery rhyme characters lining the walk, a third of a mile long, are breath-taking and vivid. A full-

color stone statue of Santa Claus in front of the main exhibition hall waves a friendly hand to thousands of visitors each year. It is the first and only full-color statue of Santa in the world.

There are gift shops and two miniature model railroads, each on its own special track, to take children and adults on a real ride through the park area to watch the family of white deer appropriately named *Donder*, *Blitzen*, *Cupid* and now little *Comet*. There are also Santa's Lodge, Christmas Tree Lane and the original post office.

Besides being nationally known as the home of Santa, this world-famous village embraced by the rolling hills of southern Indiana is equally popular for the town's magical *Santa Claus* postmark, a must with stamp collectors. The population is less than 50 people but the huge seasonal mail rush has boosted the small post office to second-class size. More than three and a half million pieces of mail are handled during the Yuletide season each year. Every letter addressed to Santa Claus and received by post offices all over the country forwarded here.

The name *Santa Claus* for what was a crossroads community was suggested at a Christmas Eve observance in 1855 and one year later a request for a post office bearing that name was granted. It was originally founded in 1849 under the name of *Santa Fe*.

James F. Martin was appointed postmaster on May 18, 1914, and started the custom of answering children's letters to "Dear Santa."

This practice was continued by all successive postmasters but the letters increased in such volume that in 1939 the Santa Claus, Indiana, American Legion Post 242, commanded by Jim Yellig, agreed to assist in answering

the thousands of childlike letters. Since then other posts and auxiliaries have cooperated.

However, the real impetus for mail activity resulted when Robert L. Ripley featured the little Spencer County hamlet in his "Believe It Or Not" cartoon and heralded it as the only Santa Claus town in the world.* Letters immediately poured in from all over the United States and from New Zealand, Honolulu, Yugoslavia, Egypt, the Philippines, Ireland, England, South Africa, Tasmania and Italy. Organized and private charities make a sincere effort to supply the needy youngsters with the gifts they request.

In 1945 the L. J. Koch family of Evansville started the *Santa Claus Samaritans* as a private charity. It has since become a year-round project of a large number of contributors to help needy children anywhere in the country.

Jim Yellig is the real "Santa Claus" of Santa Claus Land and annually assumes this role in the park. He is the father of the movement to answer letters and help provide a Christmas for the less fortunate.

Today, what Mr. Koch started as a hobby has transformed a drowsy little town beside a rutty highway into a dreamland come true. More than a quarter million men, women and children slowly walk through the park each year marveling at the attractions, while other thousands bring letters, greeting cards and packages to the post office to receive its famous Santa Claus postmark.

* Last December THE LINK published an article entitled "Santa Claus, North Pole . . ." describing a similar project recently started in Alaska. Sgt. Wallace G. Schaaf, whose home is three miles from Santa Claus, Indiana, wrote us in the hope that we could give "a little publicity" to this town and the Santa Claus American Legion. We are glad to be able to oblige this year, and we hope that Sgt. Schaaf and his friends see this article.



IT was Christmas Eve. Pedestrians turned to gaze at the tall, streamlined, greying man, tapping the sidewalk as he groped his way through the throngs of last-minute shoppers crowding the thoroughfares. Behind sightless eyes, Captain Sandy was reliving Dunkirk. That was where the bursting shell had deprived him of his sight, where Mac's regiment had gone back inland to stem the German tide until the evacuation was completed.

"We'll celebrate when we meet again," good old Mac had said, wringing his hand in farewell.

But that was back in 1940. Now Mac was gone. Paddy, his dog, was gone. They had been great pals—Paddy dumb, he blind. Nothing like a handicap to bind a man and his dog closer, he mused. Still he wasn't alone, he reminded himself.

Memory had stepped into the breach. Glorious, picturesque memory, leading him into green pastures. For hours on end, day in, day out, he viewed the pictures on memory's wall. No catalogues required, no eyesight. The pictures were etched in memory. They set in

motion a train of thought that carried him into the highways of the past, with stopovers at special shrines—his mother's knee where he used to lisp out a little prayer; the old swimming pool in apple-blossom time; sun-drenched sidewalks where the kids played marbles on a summer's day; the bleachers where they swung their legs and yelled their heads off at a home run. And ha! The little church! It seemed so small now compared with the war zones' wide-open spaces, or the church above the clouds. That was where the fellows touched the face of God. Was God close down here, he wondered. He wouldn't know.

Tap, tap, tap, he threaded his way along the street, carrying that unmistakable insignia of distinction—a white cane. There was a new lift in his countenance, a smile playing around his mouth. After all, life was good. Tonight Christmas carols and a lecture on the radio. After Christmas, Braille opening up new worlds for him.

He reached a busy intersection, stopped at the curb, bumped into someone. Immediately a hand clutched his

arm. Together they stepped out, cars zigzagging around them, till they reached the other side.

"Thank you, sir," said the unknown man who had clutched his arm.

Captain Sandy stood still amazed, savoring the voice for a moment, then fairly shouted, "Mac! Mac! Hello!" He seized his guide with both hands and shook him ecstatically.

"Sandy, old pal! It isn't you?"

"Sure, it's me, Mac! Did you want to kill me, man? What the devil did you lead me against the traffic for?"

"I—leading you?" came the surprised rejoinder. "Mac, you're crazy! You were leading me!"

"But I'm blind! Dieppe—" He broke off, unable for the moment to express the sudden fear for his friend that now shook him. Then huskily he said, "But Sandy! You're not—?"

"Sure!" came the answer, his voice strained for lightness. "Dunkirk!"

Silently they gripped hands. Mac was the first to recover.

"Let's celebrate," he said, as they casually linked arms and together moved down the road—to a Happy Christmas and "Auld Lang Syne."

Answers to "Go Till You Guess"

(Questions on page 24)

1. Solomon's palace. I Kings 7:1-12; 10:18-20.
2. The tabernacle. Ex. 25:1-27:21.
3. The temple of Diana. Acts 19:35.
4. Castle or Tower of Antonia. Acts 21:30-22:29.
5. Solomon's temple. I Kings 5:1-11:1-9.
6. The tower of Babel (Babylon). Genesis 11:1-9.

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Stamp Collectors' Corner

Christmas Stamps

JUST as the use of holly decorations came to be considered an invitation to the Christmas Child to come in and spend the holidays, and a lighted candle beneath the holly wreath is associated with the star of Bethlehem, so are those bright little pieces of gummed and perforated paper known as Christmas Seals as much a part of Christmas as holly, jingling bells and carols under the window.

Christmas seals were first distributed in 1907 in the United States. Since their introduction 41 years ago, when they netted \$3,000 for the fight against tuberculosis, the use of seals as a part of Christmas decorative color has spread until in recent years they have produced \$10,000,000 annually. Five billion of the seals were printed by four lithographers in 1947.

Stamp-issuing countries have also paid homage to the day which commemorates the birth of Christ. The most complete first Christmas story, in the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, can be followed with your Bible, your stamps and catalog.

Perhaps the most attractive of all holy stamps is that issued by Canada in 1898 showing a map of the world with the words *Xmas 1898*. In the same year Portugal issued a 75-reis stamp showing the archangel Gabriel, who appeared to Mary and Joseph.

The 1913 general issue of the French colony of Mauritania aptly illustrates the flight into Egypt.

Two types of angels appear on the 1920 Barbados victory issue.

The cathedral at Cologne appears on the 10,000-mark stamp of Germany's 1923 issue. Here the relics of the three wise men are preserved. In 1931 Holland issued a charity set showing a deaf mute which vividly illustrates Luke 1:20, and their 1933 child welfare series uses as its motif the Star of Epiphany.

The Cyprus issues of 1934 and 1938 on the 18-piastres values show a khan (typical of the inns at the time of the Nativity) depicting the arrival of the Holy Family at Bethlehem.

Parts of Mary's song. "The Magnificat" especially *from generation to generation* can be interpreted as being represented on the 1d value of the St. Helena century issue of 1934. This set as part of its design gives portraits of four generations: King William IV, Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and King George V.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats is 'stampically' illustrated with the overprinted series, with the word *Republic*, of Spain and Portugal—significant of the fall of monarchy. The various German Hitler stamps complete the last part of the verse: . . . *exalted them of low degree*.

In 1929 an issue of five stamps commemorated the millenary of the death of St. Wenceslaus by portraying the good saint on horseback, and refreshes memories of the Christmas carol "Good King Wenceslaus."

The palace at Petra of Herod, the King of Judea, is depicted on the 500m stamp of the Transjordan Tourist issue.

Stamp of Natal continue the Christmas story by reminding us that Vasco de Gama discovered that land on Christmas Day, 1497, naming it "Terra Natalis" or "Christmas Land." In 1941 the stamps of the French colonies of St. Pierre and Miquelon were overprinted with the words *Noel 1941*.

A charity issue of four values by Brazil in 1939 portrays the three wise men carrying their gifts.

Many stamps honor the Virgin with philatelic portraitures. In 1942 the Dominican Republic pictured Mary and Joseph of Nazareth.

Luxemburg in 1945 issued a set of stamps showing the Child Jesus in the arms of the Virgin.

Netherlands issued a semi-postal stamp (*SP40*) in 1930 illustrating the scene of the Nativity. The 1932 *SP54* shows the Christmas Rose and the 1933 issue (*SP59*) depicts a child carrying the Star of Hope symbolical of Christmas.

The stamps of Italy illustrate the Christmas story almost completely:

On stamp 68 of the 1923 issue Christ is portrayed preaching the Gospel. Translated, the inscription on this stamp reads: *Go forth into the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*

St. Mary Major Church of Rome, where, according to tradition, rest the treasured relics of the crib, is shown on the low-value stamp of Italy's 1924 Holy Year issue.

The 1926 St. Francis of Assisi issue commemorates St. Francis, who origi-

nated the use of the creche (which has since become our present miniature tableau of the Nativity) in 1224 and was responsible for the birth of widespread Christmas customs.

Italy's 1936 Horace issue illustrates the flock of sheep over which the shepherds watched.

In September, 1937, Italy commemorated the 2,000th anniversary of the birth of Augustus Caesar. The 75-centesimi of this issue bears the likeness of the monarch. The 25-centesimi denomination shows a cross in the center, which is presumed to be that from the small village of Bethlehem on the Judean hillside. This stamp bears two Latin quotations, one from the poet Virgil which, translated, means: "Now the Babe descends on His mission from on high"; the other inscription, "I took a census of the people." For this census Joseph went up from Galilee (St. Luke mentions this in his Christmas story). The Sea of Galilee is shown on the Palestine stamps of 50m and higher values.

In 1938 Peru issued a 15¢ value showing the three crowns of the wise men surmounted by the Star of Bethlehem, making up the seal of the city of Lima.

The Holy Sacrament is shown on stamp *SP31* issued by Hungary in 1938 and the Christmas story is brought to a beautiful ending with the Switzerland peace series in 1945 which carries the words *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men*.

Thus through our stamps we can follow the story of the Nativity from its inception more than 2,000 years ago to the present day. It is interesting to observe at this point that the patron saint of letter-carriers is the Archangel Gabriel, for it was he who first brought the Good News to Mary.

—SALAK

Journey Through the Holy Land

By James L. Harte

PART II

IT is a semiarid land, that which we know as the Holy Land, but today it boasts fertile field and cultivated areas. In that section which has become the modern State of Israel there is the fertile plain of Sharon, which stretches from Haifa in the north to the city of Tel Aviv in the south. Scattered areas, made green by irrigation, stretch westward from the Sea of Galilee across many hills terraced for cultivation. In these green areas exist orchards of almonds and orange, broad fields of barley, wheat, lentils, peas, beans, cauliflower, lettuce and tomatoes.

The Hebrew pioneers, known as *Halutzim*, who streamed into the Holy Land following the first World War, dug the first of the irrigation ditches, built roads and homes and schools as they started new settlements. More than 250 such settlements now dot the Israel of today.

Chief of the new, however, in interest is Tel Aviv, founded in 1909 with a population of 300. It grew rapidly into a gay, modern city of broad streets and gleaming white buildings. Alone of the new history of the land does it rival ancient Jerusalem, both cities with modern, well-equipped power plants, but Tel Aviv with cement, potash and textile industries to rival the Biblical splendor of Jerusalem.

There was no Tel Aviv—no dream of it—when a certain Jesus walked and

taught in the plains and hills of this land, who later walked the weary way of the *Via Dolorosa*, bearing the heavy Roman cross upon His back. A handsome Man, whose body was long and supple, and whose skin, turned to the color of cedarwood by the sun of the then dry and sandy wastes, was yet a skin that had not lost its delicacy. His was an arresting face, manly and self-possessed, yet filled to its somber eyes always with compassion. And the luxuriant hair which hung to His shoulders took on coppery lights in the sun of almost 2000 years ago.

In His day there were desert and wasteland, and near the ancient cities only shale and shrubbery and dull, earthy buildings. Pariah dogs, dun-colored like the wilderness from which they sprung, dug and yelped in the narrow, sun-baked streets of Jerusalem, and of Bethlehem.

Let us look back upon Bethlehem, for it is the birthplace, earlier still, of this Man. And this is the month of that Birth, the month when, those long years ago, the Wise Men followed a Star to find the Child in the manger.

It is a month of religious ceremony and celebration in the world of three great religions, just as is the Easter season when the Resurrection is celebrated by Christians. Such is also the time of *Bairam*, high holy day of the Moslem world, and the Hebrew feast



A resident of the small Arabian village of Sebastijeh, near Nablus, winnows some freshly-threshed grain, using a method that is age-old. He throws the grain into the air; the light chaff is blown away while the heavier grain falls at his feet. (RNS photo)

of the Passover, which commemorates the escape from Egyptian slavery. But now it is the time of Christmas around the world, a time to trek back to an ancient Christmas Day in Palestine.

The Palestine of that day was a sparsely settled land with great gravel plains stretching away from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea with its few ports of Gaza, Ascalon, Caesarea and Joppa. East of the maritime plains ran the verdant area extending from Beersheba in the south to Nazareth in the north, with lush fertility reaching from Nazareth eastward to the region of the Sea of Galilee. The areas of plain and vegetation, however, were no more than a hundred miles in width across the land, and then one came upon the shale and the limestone, the poor land in the center of which lay Jerusalem. And a few miles south, beyond the Valley of Hinnom, the town of Bethlehem.

It was poor land, and for the most

part the tribes that inhabited it were poor: Philistines, Hivites, Ammonites, Canaanites, Amalekites, and Moabites east of the Sea of the Plain. In Jerusalem, called "Jesus" by Herod the Great, there were the riches of Herod's Palace, just inside the city's first wall, and of his Temple. And Herod ruled over his Holy Land kingdom, divided roughly into the wide areas of Judea, Samaria, Peraea, and Galilee, to keep its peoples poor and his favors rich.

Then a new glory came upon the land. The glory so celebrated in song and story that it needs no retelling here: the Wise Men and the Star that guided them to Mary and Joseph and the Child in the manger. "*Rejoice, a King is born,*" rang through the land, and in his palace in Jerusalem, but a scant mule-journey from the squalor of Bethlehem, Pilate heard and was filled with dread.

Stranger than the land's geography, at the time of the birth of Christ, were the habits of its peoples, particularly with respect to religion. Perhaps this was due chiefly to the already long, colorful and turbulent history of the area. No other portion of the earth's surface was subjected to such unfolding change, as a brief look will evidence.

In the period of about 1930 B.C. the Holy Land was a part of the Empire of Amraphel, or Hammurabi. By 1700 B.C. the wandering Israelites had secured a small part of the "Promised Land" as a homeland. It was not a wide area but it comprised the early *Uru Salim*, Bethlehem, Hebron, Beersheba, Jericho and Samaria. Then, in the period of 1350 B.C., this, too, became part of the Kingdom of Egypt under Rameses II. Out of the Egyptian Kingdom the Israelites carved the conquest of Canaan, yet there was no unity as Pales-

tine was then divided among the tribes into 13 provinces.

The conquest of Canaan occurred in early 1200 B.C., and it was in this period that Palestine came under the rule of the Judges: Elon, Ibzan, Tola, Gideon, Abimelech, Ehud, Samuel, Samson, Deborah, Othniel and Shamgar.

The judges gave way in 1050 B.C. to the establishment of the Kingdom of Saul. In 40 years, by 1010 B.C., the kingdom fell to the change that erected the Empire of David and Solomon, which lasted until 935 B.C. Great battles of Biblical history marked the advent of this empire, of which the siege of Damascus was the most memorable. Other of the battles were staged at Helam, Zobah, Rabbath Ammon, Rabbath Moab, and at Jerusalem, then recorded in some writings as *Jebus-Shalem*.

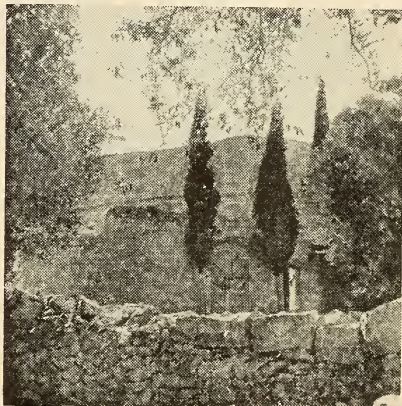
Wars, though not as we know them today, created dissent and brought about the division of Solomon's Empire in 935 B.C. and the land came into the historic Syrian Period, which existed until 840 B.C. The Israelites could not hold their own, and Palestine succumbed to the Assyrians in the period of 625 B.C. The Assyrian Empire gave way to the 600 B.C. Babylonian Empire, and this to the great Persian Empire, which lasted from about 536 B.C. to 330 B.C. Alexander the Great followed with his rule of the "world," and the Holy Land was a section of the division Alexander made of his conquests into four parts, each ruled by one of Alexander's favorite generals. The Roman Empire succeeded that of Alexander, to be followed in 43 B.C. by the Kingdom of Herod the Great, which lasted up to but four years before the Birth of Our Lord.

Small wonder then that in the Holy Land of the day of the manger story its peoples had fallen into retrogressive

ways of appeasing divinity. There were strange and ignorant practices. Necromancers flourished. The living God gave way to images of the bull and the snake. Weird and obscene rites were held, even to the practice of strewing the fields with the entrails of pigeons in a vain call upon false gods for fertility of the land.

There were some who believed, however, and who promised that: *we shall walk in His ways and keep His statutes and His commandments and His ordinances and His testimonies*. And it was to these that the first Christmas broke like a hosanna of trumpets, that the news of the Virgin Birth came as on vibrant tides of music.

The Life that began that day and wound its miraculous way to walk nobly to its earthly end on the *Via Dolorosa* to Calvary has left its imprint forever on pages far greater than these. There is holy festival today in His memory. And while the lights burn brightly upon the pine and the fir which we take into



Jacob's Well, located on the parcel of land purchased by Jacob "for a hundred lambs." It was here that Joseph's brothers sold him into slavery; and here that Christ carried and told the Samaritan woman that He was the Messiah. (RNS photo)

our homes to celebrate this time, and the red-and-green bedecked packages catch our eyes as they await our hands awakened to the wonders that the message of Truth and Peace has been brought to most of the human race from one small geographic area. A small area, long beleaguered, which gave to a world as its greatest gift the Life of Christ.

As we celebrate the anniversary of the Birth, 1948 A.D., the Holy Land has again been made a homeland for its historic wanderers. The Hebrew people have been given the new Israel, an irregular segment of Palestine which itself is only about 25 miles wide in the north, 80 miles wide in the south, and which stretches along the Mediterranean for little more than 140 miles. Jacob and Esau once were brothers here, and perhaps that brotherhood again can be found, under God, in all the area of Palestine, and in its city of ancient shrines, Jerusalem.

Must such a city again be covered with the blood of man? Must its narrow ancient streets and its modern wide lanes again be a battlefield? Must the troops of nations fight over it as once the legions of Rome desecrated it?

No . . . and in this month of the Prince of Peace, to all in the land that is holy, as to all of the world, let us say in the words of the Moslems "*Salaam Aleikum*" and in the words of the Jews "*Shalom Alaychem.*" Both mean the same: "*Peace be with you.*"

It is the message of the day.

Take Christ out of Christmas, and December becomes the bleakest and most colorless month of the year.

A. F. Wells



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

FIFTH ANNUAL WORLD-WIDE BIBLE READING

THEME: The Book of All Nations

1. John 17 Jesus' Last Prayer
2. Revelation 21 The Holy City
3. Psalms 121 The Keeper
4. Psalms 27 Fearless Trust
5. Acts 17 Paul at Athens
6. John 15 The Greatest Friend
7. Hebrews 11 Faith Triumphant
8. Romans 12 Real Goodwill
9. John 3 Born Again
10. Romans 8 Adopted in Spirit
11. John 14 Strength and Comfort
12. Matthew 13 Jesus Teaches
13. Luke 14 Exacting Discipleship
14. Luke 15 Lost and Found
15. Luke 16 Divorce, etc.
16. I Corinthians 13 The Greatest Is . . .
17. Isaiah 55 Seek Ye the Lord
18. John 1 In the Beginning
19. Mark 4 Sown Seed
20. Matthew 5 The Sermon on the Mount
21. Matthew 6 More Sermon
22. Matthew 7 The Greatest Ever
23. Isaiah 2:1-5; 9:1-7 Jesus Comes
24. Isaiah 11:1-9; 40:1-11 His Promises
25. Matthew 2 Jesus' Birth
26. I Corinthians 3 True Wisdom
27. Isaiah 53 The Suffering Servant
28. II Timothy 2 Rewards for the Faithful
29. Psalms 46 God Our Refuge
30. Habakkuk 3 God's Deliverance
31. Psalms 1 The Righteous Man

Off the Records

By Joey Sasso

Top Record for the Month:

Everybody Loves Somebody . . . Don't Smoke in Bed—Peggy Lee, Capitol. This first side features the lush Peggy Lee piping, with an effective vocal treatment of this slow and tender love song. Once more Miss Lee benefits by the arrangement and backing skill of Dave Barbour, who turns in another top scoring job here. The reverse will be recognized as the highlight of the *Rendezvous with Peggy Lee* album, a slow tempo'd, emotion-provoking melody sung with tenderness and deep feeling by Peggy against husband Dave Barbour's stirring orchestral background.

If You Believed In Me . . . Scotty—Sy Oliver, MGM. With this one Sy Oliver has come up with a great number. It's a haunting old ballad with sock lyrics that should make it as popular today as it was in its heyday. It's honestly one of the best tunes Sy has ever recorded. The band, sparked by the sub-toned saxes, carries out the melodic line in indigo tones, helping to make this one of the smoothest Oliver offerings of the season. Henry Wells' vocal, backed by the slow-paced rhythm section, marks a new high light in top song styling, and sends this boy to the head of the "blues" list. The reverse is an instrumental jump tune with solid Oliver grooving that makes it tops in listening entertainment.

Bella Bella Marie . . . Lillette—Johnny Desmond, Columbia. Johnny Desmond makes his bow on the Columbia label with the Dell Trio in a de-

lightful typical Italian love song. Charmer Marie gets a fetching musical salute with Johnny's vocal chorus, then the Trio proceeds to embellish the compliment with some smooth organ, accordion and guitar rhythmic. This time Johnny's out to get Lillette, who seems to be a cute but elusive little female! The infectious lyrics of this pert rhythm number fit Johnny to the proverbial "T" and the Trio provides sparkling support.

Ah, But It Happens . . . Hold Me—Frankie Laine, Mercury. Dream-type melody and easygoing, unaffected lyrics, here's a Laine "natural." Frankie decided to take it easy with Carl Fisher and the orchestra getting into the same mood with a smooth accompaniment. The plattermate is a softly rhythmic ballad; exactly the type of tune that Frankie loves to sing and that his fans will love to hear. The lyrics are sincere and deeply sentimental. Carl Fisher has provided another of the superb orchestral accompaniments that have been enthusiastically received on many previous Laine recordings.

Top Classical Album for the Month:

Johann Sebastian Bach: *Arias*, Volume I—VOX. Johann Sebastian Bach, the great master of the organ and of the Lutheran chorale, of fugues and involved counterpoint, is represented in this album by arias which throw a vast amount of light on the composer's artistic personality. They are incomparable, melodious compositions, delightfully tuneful. "*Nobody needs to be edu-*

cated to understand those melodies; only a willing listener is needed."

For a year and a half the members of the Bach Aria Group have been working intensively on a Bach repertoire, comparatively unknown, yet remarkable for its vigor, its melodic qualities, its beauty and infinite variety. To perform this neglected music the Bach Aria Group was organized and is directed by William H. Scheide. It possesses an unusual feature in that it places instrumental and vocal soloists on equal footing in what is basically a chamber music organization. The group's instrumentalists have performed in key first-chair positions under such renowned conductors as Leopold Stokowski, Arturo Toscanini, Dmitri Mitropoulos and Fritz

Reiner; the singers have won acclaim from coast to coast in recitals, opera and on the radio. And the group's appearances all over the country are arousing tremendous interest and are complete sell-outs. Your reporter will follow with *Arias*, Volumes 2 and 3, just as soon as they are released.

On a Slow Boat to China . . . This Is The Moment—Larry Clinton, Decca. All the lush, svelte style of rhythm and harmony which has been so typical of Larry Clinton's superb handling of the more exotic popular ballads is to be found on these two sides, which are exquisitely styled for Decca in the maestro's most toe-tapping manner.

All for Nothing

The Anzio Beachhead was a bloody affair to say the least. But it was highlighted at times by humorous incidents that brought smiles to our pallid faces.

At one time my foxhole roommate and myself were sitting in our hole, feeling utterly disgusted with it all. Suddenly from somewhere down the line we heard the sound of a rifle going off repeatedly. We looked out over the rim of the foxhole but we could not detect any movements in the enemy lines. We wondered what the rifleman was shooting at. So, for lack of anything better to do, we climbed out of the foxhole and went down along the company front, looking for the rifleman to find out what he was up to.

Finally we came to a foxhole in which there was a soldier firing his M1 rifle as though he had gone crazy. We recognized him almost immediately as a new replacement who had come up the day before. We clambered into the hole with him and asked him what he was shooting at.

"Oh, nothing in particular," he answered cheerfully, "just nothing in particular."

"Well, why are you shooting then?"

"Because," he said, without batting an eyelash, "this is the only shooting gallery I've ever been to where they let you shoot for nothing."

—Ex-Sgt. George Kolas
157th Infantry, 45th Division

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

HAVE SAFETY ON YOUR MIND!

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why is it true that we find safety in God?* (Psalms 23; 119:117; Proverbs 29:25)
2. *How does righteousness help us to feel safe?* (I Peter 3:13)
3. *What awful chances can men take with the priceless treasures of the immortal life?* (Hebrews 12:14-16)
4. *Why is it necessary for us to try diligently not to lose the rewards of Christian faith and goodness?* (II John: 8, 9)
5. *What is our greatest assurance of final and eternal safety?* (John 3:16; I John 3:2, 3)

- *Resource material:*

"Have safety on your mind, not accidents on your conscience!"

Those were the words that caught my eye today, on a placard conspicuously hung on the walls of the large workshop of a suburban garage. Good advice!

I watched while a workman lubricated a shiny car as deftly as if he were a lubrication specialist. Then he poured the proper quantity of fresh motor oil into the crankcase and stepped over to begin a similar job on another car alongside the first. Apparently he was quite satisfied that he had done his job well. But another workman walked quietly up to the first car, inserted the measuring-stick into the crankcase and *made sure* that the first man had put fresh oil into the crankcase in the proper amount, and then took the work-

sheet, stepped into the car and drove it out for the customer.

That busy garage was taking *no chances* that a car would go off its lubrication rack with an *empty crankcase*, to return a few hours later with burned-out bearings and an irate customer shaking his fists and saying unkind things about a workman who had no more brains than to ruin his Oldsmobile.

Safety! Safety *on the mind*, where it has to be if *hands* do their work safely!

But there are other things besides shiny cars to be safeguarded. Less than a score of miles from that spot was a man who but a few weeks before had been a judge dispensing justice in a police court. Then one day the police closed in on him and newspaper head-

lines screamed that the judge had embezzled a fortune from a bank in which he was a high officer. Faked mortgages, kited checks, a genius for shrewd defalcations and concealments—all totaled nearly two-thirds of a million dollars.

What was the matter? The horses were too slow. The ones he bet on weren't fast enough to come in first. And he wasn't fast enough to keep out of the way of the financial avalanche that his greedy fingers sent crashing into countless homes. For the bank of which he was vice-president *and counsel* faded out of existence and is now a tragic memory, doing business as a branch of another bank whose officers thought more of safety than of speed.

If that "judge" had seen the placard that I saw today, would he have been smart enough to have taken its words to heart? "Have *safety* on your mind, not accidents on your conscience!"

Have you seen a buddy go down under the merciless waves of a smaller financial crash because he thought he was smart enough to win at gambling? Better stay away from this fool's merry-go-round, that goes nowhere and leaves you dizzy—and broke!

But we had better play safe with other things—the bright, imperishable things of the immortal spirit that is God's great and good gift to us. Have you never seen a man play fast and loose with his character?

One of the most talented men in his profession, whose friends would almost surely have lifted him to the highest position it was in their power to give him, is, I understand, fast becoming a drunkard. He had extraordinary talents and gifts of personality and mentality. But he has made an irreparable mess of his private life, and his public life seems to be doomed. He didn't have safety on

his mind and *in his heart*. He affronted his best friends by divorcing his splendid wife to marry someone with whom he had become infatuated. He took a chance with alcohol and lost and lost and is losing.

He didn't have safety on his mind. And now he has a terrible debacle on his conscience.

It *is possible* to play it safe, you know! Long ago I read that railroad men have a slogan: "*In case of a doubt, take the way you know is safe!*"

Better tack that up beside that other placard in your mind: "Have safety on your mind, not accidents on your conscience!"

There *are* things that *are safe*, you know! You take no chances with them. You take no chances when you are honest. You take no risks when you are kind to someone. You run no risk of having an irate customer when you give him good measure. You take no chance when you give your life over to Christ. You run no risks when you join a church and throw yourself wholeheartedly into its worship and its work. You run no risks when you lay up treasure for yourself in heaven. You are perfectly safe when you make your life a long series of kindnesses so natural and so sincere that even your enemies are won over to your side.

We can always find safety in God. The old writer of the Twenty-third Psalm knew that as surely as he knew enough to look upward for the shining stars when night settled over the Judean hills. And you and I know it too. And we remember it—if we really have *safety on our minds*.

The safest thing you and I can ever do is to live each day as we would like to live it if it were our last.

That would be *safe*.

And it would be *glorious!*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

HOW SHOULD WE MEET ADVERSITY?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why can we always be sure that God will help us to meet every adversity?* (Psalms 18:16, 17; 34:17-22; 46:1-3)

2. *Do you think tribulations are necessary for our Christian growth and maturity?* (Acts 14:21, 22)

3. *How can afflictions add to our spiritual riches?* (Psalms 119:71; II Corinthians 4:17, 18)

4. *What comfort does the last book of the New Testament bring to those who suffer adversities?* (Revelation 21:4)

5. *How can we find strength for our faith by remembering how Jesus met adversities?* (Matthew 26:39; II Corinthians 1:3-5)

-
- *Resource material:*

Religious faith has always made men brave and strong to face adversities of every kind. Thus the Christian is richly rewarded in this life, long before he enters the rewards that God has prepared for him in the life that follows this.

We are too often likely to forget that adversities are disciplines. They are good for us if we can stand them! Frederick W. Robertson gave us a bit of wisdom when he wrote these words: "As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations." Job found this out. We can prove this to our own satisfaction by drying our tears and looking straight at our adversities.

I think it was William Cullen Bryant who said: "Difficulty is the nurse of

greatness—a harsh nurse, who rocks her foster children roughly, but rocks them into strength and athletic proportions. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to the stature of greatness."

Tribulations, in other words, have a part in the balanced diet that brings us on our way to Christian maturity. If we skip them we shall be deficient in some of the minerals that build the bones which determine our stature. The difference between a runt and a giant is largely the difference between their bony frames and the musculatures built about them. A few ounces of flabby fat do not matter a great deal.

Said William Ellery Channing: "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the

heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering." That's a real picture of greatness! There's muscle in it, and stature, and spiritual efficiency! No namby-pamby need apply.

The tallest oaks have withstood the fiercest gales, else their wide branches would have strewn the ground. The strong, whether trees or men, stand etched against the leaden, winter sky when the fiercest gales have gone. Taller than any cross that stood on Golgotha against the riven sky, the Christ has come marching down the centuries. *And the centuries have made way for Him; they had no choice!*

His stature is the greater because of His embarrassments and because of the adverse winds against which He bent His shoulders and braced His back. He felt the ridicule of His townspeople; it was not easy to win the acceptance and then the devoted loyalty of His own brethren in Mary's home; He felt the sting and the sadness of loneliness when He watched His disciples tremble like aspen leaves and melt away like soft snow and hang, frightened, on the fringe of the mob while He went, flanked by thieves, to fling His triumph into the face of death: "*It is finished.*"

He beat no retreat. His drums were beating and His banners were flying high. Dare you and I to try for less than that?

We may be proud if we can but attempt it well enough and hard enough and long enough to be numbered among those who have tried to follow His example! In fact, we shall hardly be worthy of the name of *Christian* unless

we try manfully to stand up against the tests that come to us in the Christian way.

We should remember also to take the long look in this matter of adversities. Life is not made up of a few scattered moments, however important they may be, but it is formed of innumerable moments and happenings. They vary greatly in their significance for us and in the things they take from us and bring to us. There will be many losses and many gains, many pains and many pleasures, and more worth-while things than we shall ever be able to remember. The important thing to strive for is that the final total of our good deeds shall be as great as possible, and that we shall not be ashamed for the Master to weigh the final results for us. All life, we must remember, is to be seen and weighed in relation to its bearing upon our eternal life.

This helps us to see how fleeting are the pains and reversals and tribulations that we may encounter in this life. They all have an end. Eternity can bring us far better things than the disappointing and disillusioning and comparatively disastrous things that life here may hold for us. When things look blackest and we hunger most for the comfort of an eternal hope, read and remember these great words of comfort that are set down near the close of our New Testament: *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: the former things are passed away.* (Revelation 21:4)

Adversities have their day, but a better day is coming. Let us prove ourselves worthy of it now!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH CHRISTMAS?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Inspired by the story of the shepherds, should we set out to find Christ in a spiritual quest?* (Luke 2:15)
2. *How badly does the world need to seek Him today?* (Matthew 2:1, 2)
3. *How may we feel that He has brought light to a world darkened by sin?* (Matthew 4:16, 17)
4. *What gifts should we bring Him now?* (Matthew 2:11)
5. *How does Christmas challenge us to love others?* (I John 4:11)

-
- *Resource material:*

What should we do with Christmas? Have you ever asked yourself if we make full use of its high tides of warmth and generosity and love? Have we let it degenerate into a mere holiday when we should never forget that it should be a holy day? Have yule logs and prancing reindeer and bells a-jingle crowded a lowly manger from our happy thoughts? Do we leave the Christ standing unnoticed in some cheerless corner while we lavish gifts and laughter upon others? Have we shunted Him out of the center of what should be His great day and have we left Him at one side in comparative obscurity while we push our way through the crowded aisles of department stores in search of tinsel and trinkets?

What should we do with Christmas?

Let's begin by putting Christ back into its center where He belongs. If the reindeer must go, let them go. If the music that floats from our radio and television sets must be Christianized,

let's be for that, with no qualms and no misgivings. If a child hears more about Santa Claus than about the infant Jesus on the day that we celebrate as His birthday, we should teach the child the true meaning of Christmas and its true joys and its real values.

This may mean, even for us who are Christians, that we set out to find Him all over again and know Him better in a vital religious search for Him. He is to be discovered *in our spirits*, where He belongs, and not amid the tinsel of laden trees by candlelight.

He is to be discovered in some cheerless room where a small child cries from hunger and cold and fear. He is to be searched out in the spacious and gilded halls of state where diplomats fence for advantage in the map-making of a world in this atomic age. He is to be found in partially deserted chapels and cathedrals where a few have met to pray and think on eternal things while multitudes crowd the movies, the sports and spectacles.

Just how seriously do we seek Him? We spend less on our churches than we spend on alcohol and tobacco, cosmetics and confections, movies and the cheap newsstand products that glorify lust and crime. And yet we unctuously call our land a Christian land!

While we think of giving Him a seat again at His own Christmas festivities, let's see if we can't get Him a seat in the legislative halls of the world for which He died! Is it so far from Good Friday to Christmas that we should forget that the two are related and vital points in the Life we pretend to take for our Pattern?

Some months ago I heard a prominent leader in world Christianity. He told us that a group of leading scientists had summoned some outstanding religious leaders to meet with them, and had begged the religious leaders to call their people, while there might still be time, to use all the resources of spiritual power in an all-out effort to save our civilization.

These scientists were not asking for information about atoms but were pleading that the vast unmeasured forces of faith and prayer and spirituality should be invoked and used to the fullest, in order that we might continue to enjoy mere physical life on this planet. They were visibly scared. A fiendish monster had been created and they knew no physical formulae to make him harmless. It was their one hope that we *and God* might find a way out.

We *can*—but *what are we doing about it?* Judging only by what you see and read and hear, how much are we concerned about salvaging God's world with His help? As you watch people—ordi-

nary people like you and me—are they thronging our places of prayer or are they standing in line to buy *things* at inflationary prices that are mounting by the moment? Are they talking about prayer and faith or about prices and profits and filibusters? Do they show, by any stretch of the imagination, that the time for life may be very short, and that our chief concern should be with the spiritual values that fit us to live profitably with God and with ourselves for eternity?

Let's make Christmas a symbol of a great spiritual challenge to all of us to make life bigger than gadgets and pay-envelopes!

If we watch children unwrap gifts beside a tinselled tree, shall we not find a moment to remind them of the Gift at Bethlehem? Shall we admire the gay lights with them and find no word to say about the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Shall we feast on food at a full table and find no time to afford ourselves spiritual food and drink, and share our faith with others whose spirits are dim and hungry and lean without it?

Let's put *more* of a *better* quality of love into Christmas! Let's improve our attitudes toward giving and toward those to whom we give!

It is not enough to put greater stress upon the true place of Christ in our Christmas happiness. We must keep insisting that He be put at the center of His needy world. He still knows how to draw the weak and the weary and the lost to Himself. Let's help Him by trying to scatter the real significance of Christmas throughout the year!



- *Subject for group discussion:*

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW!

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How do good living and faithful use of prayer help us to be our best?* (Prov-
erbs 15:29; Matthew 21:21, 22)
2. *How are godliness and kindness related to each other?* (II Peter 1:7)
3. *Why is trust in God so important to us?* (Psalms 62:5-8; Isaiah 12:2;
Matthew 21:22)
4. *How can we live with zeal for Christ each day?* (I Timothy 6:11, 12)
5. *How well would Micah's famous rule for living serve as a good guide for
our conduct in 1949?* (Micah 6:8)

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- *Resource material:*

It is a sobering experience to stand at the threshold of a new year. Back of us are many happy and eventful days that we would gladly live over again, but there are many hours back there in which we met bitter disappointments and disillusionments and fear and pain and struggle.

But what about tomorrow? What of the new year with its many uncharted tomorrows? *Make way for them!*

Will it not be best to face them courageously, as if we had no reason whatever to fear what they may bring to us? Shall we not fare better, in every moment, if we move forward with the sure confidence of those who believe so strongly in God that they have no need for worries and fears?

Not long ago someone devised a set of experiments which were to test the power of hypnotic suggestion. Men were taken whose physical strength was well known because of tests; they were then

hypnotized and given suggestions that they were strong—stronger than they were. The tests then showed that they were able to register about 40% higher in strength than before the suggestions were made under hypnosis. Then the same men were hypnotized and subjected to suggestions that they were weak; the tests made after *that* revealed that they were about 70% weaker as the result of the hypnotic suggestions that they were weak. What do you make of *that*?

You have seen the same principle when "pep talks" were given before the intercollegiate football games, and the band and the cheerleaders did their best! Political strategists worked at fever heat these past months to convince their political parties that they were *strong enough* to walk off with the election.

Shouldn't we look well to our own morale in the serious business of getting ready for tomorrow? And do you, as

a Christian, know any better way to do it than to reassure yourself that God is on your side, to see that you win victory after victory?

I'll give you some *morale-building* texts to set aflame in your sky. Take this: *I will go in the strength of the Lord God.* (Psalms 71:16a) How could you ever summon greater strength than that?

The Roman legions have ceased to strut the great highways of that empire founded on conquest and brutality; the once-greatest navy of Great Britain is already becoming a symbol of power that unhappily is slipping from its zenith. Can you think of a better way to entrench yourself against the vast changes of the coming centuries than to take your stand humbly on the side of *God*, with boundless faith in His illimitable power?

My times are in Thy hand was the proud assertion of a great friend of God. (Psalms 31:15a) You and I could do no better than to embark on the vast, uncharted seas of 1949 with those words on our lips.

This matter is so vastly important to us that we would do well to recall the challenge that the great leader Joshua threw down to his people on a very fateful day in Israel: "*Choose you this day whom you will serve.*" (Joshua 24:15b). We must face that mighty voice if we have not already faced it; we must make that choice, if we haven't made it; and we should make it the best way we know how to make it—*for Him!*

There was something very inspiring about the way the old Psalmists proclaimed their unshaken sureness of God. It was no novice in religious faith who

gave us these shining words, for instance: *Seek the Lord and His strength: seek His face evermore.* (Psalms 105:4).

The great apostle Paul had found so much strength and peace and sureness in Christ that the words he sets down for us in one of his letters are colorful and dynamic: *Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.* (Phillippians 3:13, 14)

Could you think of a better goal to set for yourself in the year 1949?

Do you feel like saying that you can't possibly do that? Do you say you don't quite feel you can come anywhere near that goal? *Why give up without trying?* Isn't your life big enough to demand the best you have, and merit *your very best?*

Well, listen to these inspiring words of Paul: *I can do all things through Christ who strengthened me.*" (Phillippians 4:13) Can't you lay hold on those words too, and make them *your* motto this coming year?

One more thing: let's watch our thoughts this coming year. Said Paul, who knew so well the value of high thinking: *Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.* (Philippians 4:8)

These thoughts will help us to live well in 1949!

LINK LINES

By The Editor

THESE lines are being written a long way from Capitol Hill in Washington. They are being written in the midst of the first assembly of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam, and on August 29, 1948, to be exact. Be that as it may, there are many of you who will want to know more of what is happening here as Icelanders and South Africans, East Indians and Yankees, and those from both sides of the *iron curtain*, sit side by side.

There are 450 delegates plus alternates, visitors, consultants and press representatives; there are Anglicans, Greek Orthodox, Old Catholics, and Protestants from nearly every denomination in the world; there are youth and oldsters together with middle-aged men and women; about 1,500 in all. They are trying for the first time in history to find ways and means for Christians to work together.

Dr. Douglas Horton, official delegate of the Congregational-Christian Churches in America, raised these appropriate questions:

"If one Christian refuses to meet another Christian, or the representatives of one Christian body those of another, how can they know whether the others are really unworthy of being accorded cooperation? How can they know in any adequate way whether their reasons for non-cooperation are truly good? How, at any rate, can they honestly be called followers of One who did not refuse to meet even with publicans and sinners?"

We are proud to say, not boastfully,

but with what we hope can be properly called justifiable Christian pride, that working together is something in which LINK readers and members of the SMCL are way out in front. But it is entirely new to many people who have come together here. They are talking and fellowshiping with one another, they are saying their prayers together, they are finding out how much alike they really are. As John Foster Dulles pointed out, there must be good will, brotherly love and the recognition of good in all men.

It seems therefore that the spirit of Amsterdam is really the spirit of Christmas, with all participants hoping it can be put into perpetual practice.

We have always taken a lively interest in the languages of other people. We have had the chance here to practice this interest in several of the European languages, so much so that once or twice it seemed awkward to return to English, or should we say to American? But kindness and good will are the same in any language.

How much actual peace there will be by the time these words appear for your reading remains to be seen. But we do know that the Spirit of Christ through His Christian followers has lived through times as bad, or worse, than anything that could possibly happen between now and then. Our Christmas wish is, therefore, that His Spirit may dwell in you richly at all times.



Faith, like light, should always be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side, and bend to every necessity of our brethren.

—Martin Luther

Batting the Breeze



PEN PALS

On behalf of World Youth Friendship League Bn. I send greetings of friendship to members of SMCL.

The World Youth Friendship League is, as the name says, an international youth organization, founded in 1945 by the editor of *International Youth Review*. It is a nonpolitical League and its aims are as follows:

Believing that the barriers of race, colour and nationality can be broken down only in the Spirit of Christ, members of WYFL aspire to a way of life which transcends national loyalty; and they agree

To work for International Friendship by seeking to understand the way of life of the people of all nations.

To correspond regularly with at least one young person of another country.

To meet with other members of the WYFL to plan activity which will lead to a world at peace.

At the present time the League has lots of Friendship Clubs in the U. S. and U. K. and its colonies and in the Western Zones of Germany. Having about 500 members in Berlin, International Committee of WYFL decided to establish a Friendship Club in Berlin too. You will surely understand such a club under the condition we have in Berlin now. Having the chance to receive your monthly copies of THE

LINK from U. S. Chaplain Section Berlin Military Post, which we enjoy very much, we saw what an active league the SMCL is and how much it is like WYFL. For that the council of WYFL Bn., consisting of five persons, concluded to ask the council of SMCL for help. Not for help in materials but for help to get some addresses of young persons of SMCL who are willing to correspond with a young German Christian. Only in this way we have the opportunity to reach point three of our aims. We hope for your understanding and spiritual help.

Gerd L. Froede
Chairman of WYFL Berlin
1 Altkanzler Strasse
Berlin, Zehlendorf, Germany

FAN MAIL

It is past time I let you know that I have been a steady reader of THE LINK since the summer of 1944, when I became a member of the SMCL at Gulfport Air Base, Mississippi. My membership pendant still hangs on the chain with my dog tags and it is as much a part of my identification as the dog tags themselves.

Copies of THE LINK are always in the vestibule of the post chapel. My buddies and I take them to read every month. We are glad that THE LINK was one of the good things to come out

of World War II. We are grateful that it is still published and is still very much the expression of the Christian soldiers still in the service. It is good to know that our magazine is for service men and civilians alike. You have adjusted it well for its peacetime readers.

"After Two Years in Japan" by Chaplain Strait is a report of which all America can be proud. Thanks to THE LINK for printing it. In this month's issue of THE LINK I especially like David McNeil's "The Tailor From Vienna" and the salute to chaplains in "Link Lines." To keep alive the international spirit of the SMCL print more articles like your June editorial on UNESCO and the note on Church World Wide Services, with the photo of the New Windsor Packing center.

*Rhon Winkler, S/Sgt, USAF
81st Air Base Group
Wheeler Air Force Base
Oahu, T. H.*

I wish to commend you highly for the type of covers you have had for some time past. As I hand each issue to each man I always hold the magazine so that the cover is right side up facing him. Your attractive covers do quite a bit towards having the man open the magazine and read therein.

*Chaplain St. Clair Vannix
Veterans Administration Hospital
Hot Springs, South Dakota*

BACKFIRE

I am an ex-1st Sgt. "Inf." Having read your magazine I found it very interesting. In the issue of August on page 11 there's a cartoon by Flamm showing a Master Sgt. bellowing orders to recruits. The story deals with a 1st Sgt. as a drillmaster. Army Line 1st Sgts. all have a diamond on the chevrons. Hope he, the cartoonist,

realizes his mistake. There is a lot of difference between a 1st Sgt. and a Master Sgt. altho they both are equal in pay.

Not being critical, just to make it clear, a 1st Sgt. wears a diamond. I am an attendant working here in the care of three war vets.

*Anonemous
Veterans Administration Hospital
Bedford, Massachusetts*

Congratulations on your alert observation, which is 100 per cent correct. As an old doughboy we should have caught this. The artist is a vet, but we do not know his branch of service. Next time he will know better.—
Ed.

NEWLY REGISTERED SMCL UNIT

The SMCL of Shanghai, China, sponsored by Chaplain Kenneth W. Fristoe and reported by Major Sidney S. Eason, has recently been registered.



GHOST WRITER



Several little delinquents were loitering outside one of the Broadway movie palaces, scheming a plan to get in without paying admission. Finally a bright-eyed youngster edged away from the group and was half-way in the theater before the strong-armed ticket taker snatched him back, saying "Where d'ya think you're goin'?"

"Leave me go," snapped the small fry, "I'm the critic from *Boy's Life*."

—Camp Lee Traveller

★

Hit song—one that stops being popular by the time you learn all the words.

—Wingspread

★

A sultan at odds with his harem,
Thought of a way he could scarem,
He caught him a mouse,
Set it loose in the house—
Thus starting the first harem-scarem.

—Watchman-Examiner

★

Soon after an abdominal operation, a Scotch patient developed hiccoughs which persisted for days. His physician tried all the common remedies without effect.

Recalling that his patient was noted for his frugality, he prescribed a less well-known preparation. When the patient had swallowed, between hiccoughs,

the first dose, he asked about its ingredients. "It is chiefly musk," the doctor answered, casually. "But doctor," said the patient, "that is what they use in making perfume. Isn't it very expensive?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "each dose costs about \$30."

The hiccoughs stopped instantly.

—Christian Victory

★

"I'm Brave Hawk," said the Indian chief, introducing himself to a paleface. "This is my son, Fighting Bird," he continued, "and this is my grandson, Four-Engined Bomber."

—Boston Naval Shipyard News

★

The youth was leaving for his first class at flying school, and his mother was bubbling with understandable concern. "Harold," she advised, "remember what I told you. Be careful. Fly low and slow."

—Coronet



Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

ORGANIZATIONS:

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ

Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

Slowly

Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness
Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark - ness flies and
Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O

der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who
sings hear the an - gels sing, Hal - le - lu
the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and born

